is natural enough, I suppose—"
"You say there is no question of forgive

there is something besides this needed. It is not enough that of two people neither should have injured the other. You have broken something—destroyed something—I cannot mend it. I wish I could."

"You wish you could?" she repeated

"I wish that the thing had not been done

here."
"It must have come some day," Unorns

all. I am not angry now, nor cruel. I am sorry for what I did, and I would undo it,

if deeds were knots and wishes deeds. I am sorry, beynd all words to tell you. How

poor it sounds, now that I have said it! You

"You are wrong. I know that you are in

"How do you know?" she asked bitterly.
"Have I never fied to you? If you believed
me, you would forgive me. If you forgave
me, your friendship would come back. I

cannot even swear to you that I am telling the truth. Heaven would not be my wit-ness now if I told a thousand truths, each truer than the last."

"I have nothing to forgive," the Wan-derer said, almost wearily. "I have told you so, you have not injured me, but him." "But it it meant a whole world to me—

no, for I am nothing to you—but if it cost you nothing but the little breath that can earry the three words—would you say it? Is

it much to say? Is it like saying, I love you, or, I honor you, respect you? It is so little, and would mean so much." "To me it can mean nothing, unless you

ask me to forgive you deeds of which I know nothing. And then it means still less to

"Will you say it? Only say the three

"I forgive you," said the Wanderer, quietly. It cost him nothing, and, to him,

Unorna bent her head and was silent. It was something to have heard him say it, though he could not guess the least of the

sins which she made it include. She herself hardly knew why she had so insisted. Per-

haps it was only the longing to hear words

kind in themselves, if not in tone, not in his meaning of them. Possibly, too, she telt a

dim presumption of her coming end, and would take with her that infinitesimal grain

of pardon to the state in which she hoped

"It was good of you to say it," she said

A long silence followed, during which the

ness of expression and touch which nothing

encouragement, but he withheld neither

"Did you not tell me to be kind to him?"

for no other forgiveness.

neaut less.

earnestly.

will." But Kaika had closed his eyes again.
This time, however, his breathing was apparent, and he was evidently returning to a conscious state. The Wanderer arranged the pillow more comfortably under his head, and covered him with his own furs. Keyork, relinquishing all hopes trying the experiment at present, poured a

little wine down his throat. "Do you think we can take him home te-night?" inquired the Wanderer. He was prepared for an ill-tempered answer, but not for what Keyork actually said. The little man got upon his feet and

said. The little man got upon his feet and coolly buttoned his coat.
"I think not," he replied. "There is nothing to be done but to keep him quiet. Good night. I am tired of all this nonsense, and I do not mean to lose my night's rest. You can stay with him if you please."

Thereupon he turned on his heel, making a sign to the Individual, who had not moved from his place since Kafka had lost con sciousness, and who immediately followed

"I will come and see to him in the morn-ing," said Keyork, carelessly, as he disappeared from sight among the plants.

The Wanderer's long-suffering temper was roused, and his eyes gleamed angrily as he looked after the departing sage. "Hound!" he ejaculated, in a very audi-

hie voice.

He hardly knew why he was so angry with the man who called himself his friend Kevork had behaved no worse than an ordimary doctor, for he had stayed until the danger was over, and had promised to come again in the morning. It was his cool way of disclaiming all further responsibility and of avoiding all future trouble which elicited the Wanderer's resentment as well as the unpleasant position in which the lat-

ter tound himself. He had certainly not anticipated being left in charge of a sick man-and that sick man Israel Katka-in Unorna's house for the whole night, and he did not enjoy the The mere detail of to give some explanation to the serlong to extinguish the lights was for from pleasant. Moreover, though Keyork had declared the patient out of danger, there seemed no absolute certainty that a relapse would not take place before morning, and Kufka might actually die for lack of proper assistance. His only satisfaction lay in the certainty—delusive enough—that Unorna could not return until the following

He did not dare to take upon himself the responsibility of calling some one to help him, and of removing the Morayian in his present condition. The man was still very weak, and either altogether unconscious, or sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The weather, too, was bitterly cold, and the exposure to the night air might bring on fatal consequences. He examined Kafka closely, and came to the conclusion that he was really asleep. To wake him would be absolutely cruel, as well as dangerous. He looked kindly at the weary face, and then began to walk up and down among the pients, coming back at the end of every turn to look again and assure himself that no change had taken place.

After some time he began to wonder at the total silence in the house, or, rather, the silence which was carefully provided for in the conservatory impressed itself upon him for the first time. It was strange, he thought, that no one came to put out the lamps. He thought of looking out into the vestibule beyond to see whether the lights were still burning there. To his great sur-prine he found the door securely fastened. Keyork Arabian had andoubtedly locked was a prisoner. He suspected some treachery, but in this he was mistaken. Kevork's sole intention had been to insure himself night by a second visit from the Wanderer, accompanied, perhaps, by Kafka. It immedistriv occurred to the Wanderer that he could ring the bell. Somebody would cer-tainly come and let him out. But disliking the idea or entering into an explanation, he reserved that for an emergency. Had he attempted it he would have been still further surprised to find that it would have produced no result. In going through the spoke."

"I am spoke." knite to cut one of the slender silk-cover servatory on that side, communicating with the servants' quarters. He was perfectly acquainted with all such details of the house-

Kevork's precautions were in reality useless, and they merely illustrate the ruthless-Iv selfish character of the man. The Wanderer would in all probability neither have attempted to leave the house with Kafka that night, nor to communicate with the servants, even if he had been left free to do either, and if no one had disturbed him in his watch. He was disturbed, however, and very unexpectedly, between 1:30 and 1:45 in

More than once he had remained seated for a long time, but his eyes were growing heavy, and he roused himself and walked again until he was thoroughly awake. It was certainly true that of all the persons concerned in the events of the day, except Keyork, he had undergone the most bodily fatigue and mental excitement. But even to the strongest the hours of the night spent in watching by a sick person seem endless when there is not really strong personal anxiety felt. He was undoubtedly interested in Katka's fate, and was resolved to protect him, as well as to hinder him from com-mitting any act of folly. But he had only met him for the first time that very afte noon and under circumstances which had not in the first instance suggested even the possibility of a friendship between the two. His position toward Israel Kafka was altogether unexpected, and what he felt was no more than pity for his sufferings and indir-nation against those who had caused them.

When the door was suddenly opened he stood still in his walk and faced it. He hardly recognized Unorna in the pale, dis-heveled woman with circled eyes, who came toward him under the bright light. She, too, stood still when she saw him, starting suddenly. She seemed to be very cold, for she shivered visibly, and her teeth were clustering. Without the least protecti against the bitter night air, she had fled bareheaded and cloakless through the open streets from the church to her home.

"You bere!" she exclaimed in an un-"Yes, I am still here," answered the Wanderer. "But I hardly expected you to

come back to-night," he added.

At the sound of his voice a strange smile came into her wan face and lingered there. She had not thought to hear him speak again, kindly or unkindly, for she had come with the fixed determination to meet her death at Israel Kafka's hands, and to let that be the end. Amid all the wild thoughts that had whirled through her in as she ran home in the dark, that one

had not once changed. "And Israel Katka?" she asked, almost timidly.

"He is there-asleep." Unorna came forward and the Wanderer showed her where the man lay upon a thick carpet, wrapped in furs, his pale head sup-ported by a cushion.

"He is very ill," she said, almost under r breath. "Tell me what has happened." It was like a dream to her. The tre-ndous excitement of what had happened he convent had cut her off from the realon of what had gone before. Strange seemed even to herself, she scarcely rehended the intimate connection b the two series of events, nor the bearthe one upon the other. Israel Kufka

to such insignificance that she began te y his condition, and it was hard to re-member that the Wanderer was the man whom Beatrice had loved and of whom she spoken so long and so passionately. She found, too, an unreasoned joy in be ing once more by his side, no matter under what conditions. In that happi-

that the latter could not be moved for the present without danger to his life. They must watch together by his side through the long hours. Who could tell what the night would bring forth?

As the new development of the situation presented itself, the color rose again to her cheeks. The warmth of the conservatory, too, dispelled the chill that had penetrated her, and the familiar odors of the flowers contributed to restore the lost equilibrium of mind and body.
"Tell me what has happened?" she said

moment of her coming, not omitting the de-tail of the locked door.

"And for what reason do you suppose that Keyork shut you in?" she asked.

"I do not know," the Wanderer answered. "I do not trust him, though I have known

In the fewest possible words the Wanderer told her all that had occurred up to the

him so long." him so long."
"It was mere selfishness," said Unorna, scornfully. "I know him better than you do. He was afraid you would disturb him again in the night."

The Wanderer said nothing, wondering how any man could be so elaborately thought-

ful of his own comfort. "There is no help for it," Unorna said, we must watch together.

"I see no other way," the Wanderer an swered, indifferently, He placed a chair for her to sit in, within sight of the sick man, and took one himsel', wondering at the strange situation, and yet not caring to ask Unorna what had brought

which I will not do, if you ask it," Unorna asked very earnestly.

"I do not know," the Wanderer answered, trying to seem to ignore the meaning conveyed by her tone. "Some things are harder to do than others—"

"Ask me the hardest!" she exclaimed.

"Ask me to tell you the whole truth—"
"No," he said firmly, in the hope of shecking an outbreak of passionate speech. "What you have thought and done is no concern of mine. If you have done anything that you are sorry for, without my knowledge, I do not wish to know it. I have seen you do many good and kind acts during the past month, and I would rather leave these memories untouched as far as possible. You may have had an object in doing them which in itself was bad. I do not care. The deeds were good. Take credit for them and let me give you credit for them. That will do neither of us any

I wish that I had not seen what I saw to-day. We should be where we were this morning—and he, perhaps, would not be "I could not tell you-if you would let "Do not tell me," he interrupted. "I repeat that I do not wish to know. The one thing that I have seen is bad enough. Let that be all. Do you not see that? Besides, I am myself the cause of it in a measure—

"It must have come some day," Unorna said. "He must have seen that I loved—
that I loved you. Is there any use in not speaking plainly now? Then at some other

I am myself the cause of it in a measure—
unwilling enough, Heaven knows!"

"The only cause," said Unorna bitterly.

"Then I am in some way responsible. I am not quite without blame—we men never are in such cases. If I reproach you I must reproach myself as well—"

"Reproach yourself—ah no! What

"Reproach yoursel!—ah, no! What can you say against yoursel!?" she could not her back, so breathless and so pale, at such an hour. He believed, not unnaturally, that her motive had been either anxiety for himself or the irresistible longing to see him again, coupled with a distrust of his promise to return when she should send for him.



HE PLACED A CHAIR FOR HER.

It seemed best to accept her appearance Keyork Arabian had andoubtedly locked him in, and to all intents and purposes he lead to a fresh outburst, more unbearable now than before, since there seemed to be no way of leaving the house without expossole intention had been to insure himself ing her to danger. A nervous man like from being disturbed in the course of the Israel Kafka might spring up at any moment and do something desperate.

After they had taken their places, the

silence lasted some moments,
"You did not believe all that I told you this evening?" said Unorna, toftly, with an interrogation in her voice. "No," the Wanderer answered, quietly,

"I did not." "I sen giad of that-I was mad when I

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Wanderer was not inclined to deny the statement, which accorded well enough with his total disbelief of the story Unorns had told him. But he did not answer her immediately, for he found himself in a very difficult position. He would peither do anything in the least discourteous, beyond admitting frankly that he had not believed her, when she taxed him with incredulity; nor would say anything which might serve her as a stepping-stone for returning to the original situation. He was, perhaps, in-clined to blame her somewhat less than at first, and her changed manner in speaking of Kaika somewhat encouraged his

leniency. A man will lorgive, or at least condone, much harshness to others when he is thoroughly aware that it has been exhibited out of love lor bimself; and a man of the Wanderer's character cannot help feeling a sort of chivalrous respect and delicate forbearance for a woman who loves him sincerely, though against his will while he will avoid with an almost exaggerated prudence the least word which could be interpreted as an expression of reciprocal tenderness. He runs the risk, at the same time of being thrust into the ridiculous position of a man who, though young, assumes the manner and speech of age, and delivers himself of grave, paternal advice to one who looks upon him, not as an elder, but as her chosen mate.

After Unorna had spoken, the Wanderer, therefore, held his peace. He inclined his head a little, as though to admit that her plea of madness might not be wholly imaginary; but he said nothing. He sat looking at Israel Kafka's sleeping face and outstretched form, inwardly wondering whether the hours would seem very long before Keyork Arabian returned in the morning and put an end to the situation. Unorna waited in vain for some response, and at

last spoke again, "Yes," she said, "I was mad! You cannot understand it. I daresay you cannot understand how I can speak of it now, and yet I cannot help speaking."

Hermanner was more natural and quiet than it had been since the moment of Kafka's appearance in the cemetery. The Wanderer noticed the tone. There was an element of real sadness in it, with a leaven of disappointment and a savor of heartfelt contrition. She was in earnest now, as she had been before, but in a different way. He could hardly refuse her a word in answer.

"Unorna," he said gravely, "remember that you are leaving me no choice. I cannot leave you alone with that poor fellow, and so whatever you wish to say, I must hear. But it would be much better to any nothing about what has happened this eveningbetter for you and for me. Neither nor women always mean exactly what they

say. We are not angels. Is it not best to let the matter drop?" Unorna listened quietly, her eyes upon "You are not so hard with me as you

were," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment's hesitation, and there was a touch of gratitude in her voice. As she felt the dim possibility of a return to her former rela-tions of friendship with him, Beatrice and the scene in the church seemed to be very far away. Again the Wanderer found it difficult to answer.
"It is not for me to be hard, as you call

it," he said quietly. There was a scarcely perceptible smile on his face, brought there not by any feeling of satisfaction, but by his sense of his own almost laughable per-plexity. He saw that he was very near being driven to the ridiculous necessity of giving her some advice of the paternal kind. "It is not for me, either, to talk to you of what you have done to Israel Kaika treday" he sentinged. "Do not oblice me "And let bygones be bygones, and be

ack to the beginning?"

nswered slowly.

said, breaking the silence that followed.
"I cannot change myself," he answered, almost wishing that he could. "I ought,

"Harm? To whom?" She looked round

"and to you. You loved him once. I have ruined his life." "Loved him? No-I never loved him."

"You must have made him think so." down. "No-I will not lie to you-you are too true-yes, I loved him, or I thought I

did until you came, and I saw that there was no one -" But she checked hereelf as she felt the on my side. I understood that Vickars was blood rising to her checks. She could blush a man who could be kicked with impunity. still, and still be ashamed. Even she was not all bad, now that she was calm and that

part of it all. What blame have you in being what you are? Blame God in heaven-for making such a man. Blame that you will not let me tell you. Blame Kaska for his mad belief in me, and Keyork

"Do not talk like that, Unorna," he said. "Be just first."

"What is justice?" she asked. Then she turned her head away again. "If you knew what justice means for me you would not ask me to be just. You would be more merciful."

as I have done and tried to do. He is Key ork Arabian. But he would have been

rose the dim altar in the church, the shadowy figure of Beatrice standing up in the dark, the horrible sacrilege that was to have been done. Her face grew dark with fear of her own soul. The Wanderer went so far as to try and distract her from her gloomy thoughts, out of pure kindness of

fancy that in the long run the intention goes for more than the act."
"The intention," she cried, looking back with a start. With a shudder she buried her face in her two hands, pressing them to her eyes as though to blind them from some awful sight. Then, with a short struggle, she turned to

honorable and truthful men do not act upon any set of principles in regard to truth and worthy for imitation by those whose business is the teaching of what is good. The Wanderer's only hesitation lay between answering the question and not answer-"He was ill and

"Shall we be friends again?" Unorna asked a second time, in a low tone. "Shall we go "I do not see how that is possible," he

Unorna was not like him and did not understand such a nature as his, as she under-stood Keyork Arabian. She had believed that he would at least held out some hope. "You might have spared me that," she

said, turning her face away. . There were tears in her voice.

A few hours earlier hisanswer would have

brought fire to her eyes and agger to her voice. But a real change had come over her, not lasting, perhaps, but strong in its "Not even a little friendship left?" she

perhaps," he added, as though speaking to himself. "I have done harm enough as it

suddenly, and he saw the moisture in her

eyes. "To him," he replied, glancing at Kafka,

She shook her head, wondering whether she spoke the truth. "1? No-he is mad." But she shrank pefore his honest look, and suddenly broke

But she checked hereelf as she felt the

the change had come over her.
"You see," the Wanderer said gently, "I am to blame for it all." "For it all? No-not for the thousandth me for what you know, blame me for all Arabian for the rest-but do not blame yourself-oh, no! Not that!"

"You exaggerate-" He spoke kindly, but she interrupted him. "No. You do not know, that is all. And you can never guess. There is only one man living who could imagine such things

wiser than I, perhaps."
She relapsed into silence. Before her

heart. "I am no theologian," said he, "but]

thoughts of each went their own way. Sud-denly Israel Kafka stirred in his sleep. The Wanderer went quickly forward and knelt down beside him and arranged the silken pillow as best he could. Unorna was on the other side almost as soon. With a tender-

friends to each other, as we were this morning?" she asked, with a ray of hope. The Wanderer was silent for a few sec-onds. His difficulties were increasing. Awhile ago he had told her, as an excuse for berself, that men and women did not alcan describe, she moved the sleeping head into a comfortable position, and smoothed the cushion, and drew up the furs disturbed by the nervous hands. The Wanderer let her have her way. When she had finished, their eyes met. He could not tell whether she was saking his approval and a word of ways mean exactly what they said, and even now he did not set himself up in his own mind as an exception to the rule. Very "You are very gentle with him. He would thank you if he could." honor. Their instinctively brave actions and naturally noble truthfulness make those principles which are held up to the un-

she said. "I am keeping my word. But he would not thank me. He would kill me The Wanderer shook his head. "He was ill and mad with pain." he an-

swered. "He did not know what he was doing. When he wakes it will be differ-"You cannot believe that I care," she

said, as she resumed her seat. "He is not you. My soul would not be the nearer to peace for a word of his." For a long time she sat quite still, her hands lying idly in her lap, her head bent wearily as though sha bore a heavy burden. "Can you not rest?" the Wanderer asked at length.

"I can watch alone. "No. I cannot rest. I shall never rest again. The words came slowly, as though spoken to herself. "Do you hid me go?" she asked after a time, looking up and seeing his eyes fixed

"Bid you go? In your own house?" The tone was one of ordinary courtesy. Unorna

smiled sadly.
"I would rather you struck me than that
you speak to me like that!" she exclaimed.
"You have no need of such civil forbearance with me. If you bid me go, I will go. If you bid me stay, I will not move. Only speak frankly. Say which you would pre

"Then stay," said the Wanderer simply. [To be Continued Next Sunday.]

A Misunderstanding. Yabsley-What was the nature of the misunderstanding between you and Vick-

Mudge-The misunderstanding was all A SCORPION ON THE WATER

Experiment That Is Perfo With a Little Camphor. New York Press. 1 Place on the surface of the water contained in a large glass bowl several pieces of camphor of unequal sizes in such a manner as to form the shape of any snimal, for instance, a scorpion. After a while the scorpion will begin to move itself in the

liquid; you will see it move its legs as if it

wanted to swim or agitate its tail convul-Our scoruten swims on the water ha partly submerged, which proves that the density of the camphor is in erior to that of the water, but nearly equal to it. The animal does not melt in the liquid; camphor is there ore indissoluble in water.



the effect would have been the contrary, as alcohol dissolves camphor. The several pieces composing our scorpion remain placed where we have put them, and adhere to one another, which illustrates the force knewn as cohesion. Finally, if the scorpion moves readily in the water, the cause of it is the well-known property of camphor to aginate itself on the surface of water, as a small piece of camphor placed in a tumbler of water will in a short time display movements of translation and rotation on itself.

These movements are due, according to some you of what you have done to Israel Kaika under what conditions. In that happiness, one-sided and unshared, she forgot everything else. Bestrice had been a dream, a vision, an unreal shadow. Kaika was nothing to her, and yet everything, as she suddenly saw, since he constituted a bond between her and the man she loved, which would at least outlast the night. In a flash she saw that the Wanderer would not leave her alone with the Moravian, and

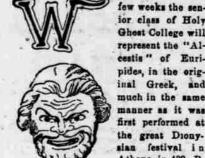
THE GREEK DRAMA

It Appealed to the Most Cultured Audiences in the World. -

ness," she said, interrupting him, but speaking more calmly. "What is it, then? What
is the real question? If you have nothing
to forgive, why can we not be friends, as we
were belore?"
"There is something besides thas needed. HOW A PLAY WAS PRESENTED.

Contests of the Dramatists at the Dienysian Pestivals,

LESSONS OF EURIPIDES' ALCESTIS [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]



ior class of Holy Ghest College will represent the "Alcestis" of Euripides, in the original Greek, and much in the same manner as it was first performed at the great Dionysian festival in Athens, in 439, B. C., more than 2,300

ITHIN the next

Comic Mask. years ago. This performance will be as interesting as, we believe, it is unique in the annals of Pittsburg. An able writer in a recent number of the Contemporary Review. speaking of the representation of Euripides' 'Ion" at Cambridge, glories in the tact that a materialistic age, inclined to cast on classic lore something of the shadow that has fallen on its ancient ally, theology, finds in the very headquarters of the new learning that, in some sense "the old is better," as evidenced by the crowds that hurry year by year to witness the Greek

play at the great universities.
"In truth," this writer continues, "the charm of Greek literature can no more wear out or grow stale than that of nature itself.

-old, middle and new. The first corresponds to the lampoon or caricature; the second to the review, or criticism; the third to the modern comic drama. Tragedy kept well within the lines traced out for it by Aristotle, within the lines traced out for it by Aristotle, who defined it as being "an imitation of an action that is important, entire, and of proper magnitude, in the way not of narration, but of action, effecting through pity and terror the correction and refinement of the passions." Mythology supplied the materials for tragedy. We know of only two historical plays—the "Capture of Miletus" of Phrynicus, and the "Persians" of Æschylus.

Peculiarities of Greek Tragedy.

The Representation of Greek Plays.

trilogy, or three tragedies connected in plot, and a satirical drama. If his composition was deemed worthy of appearing, he out or grow stale than that of nature itself.

For it is the one absolutely original literature accessible to us, and, although this were defrayed by rich citizens; but the poet

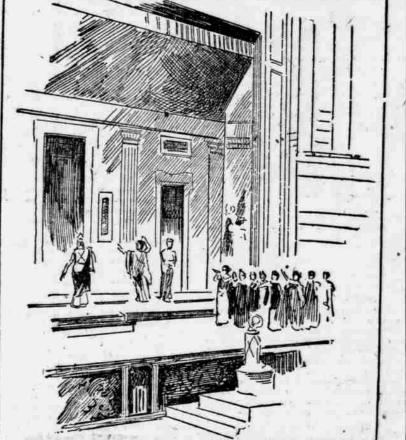
Peculiarities of Greek Tragedy.

A Greek play was not divided into acts, but into three parts: (1) Prologue, which contained all that part which preceded the first song of the chorus; (2) the episode, which comprised all the plat to the unraveling of the catastrophe; (3) the exode, which contained the denouement of the piece. Another peculiarity which distinguished ancient tragedy from ours was the chorus. It was the personification of the thought inspired by the represented action; the incorporation into the action itself of the sympathy of the poet, considered as the spokesman of human nature. It was, in a word, the spectator idealized. The number of the chorus varied at different times, but it was finally settled at 15. The chorus remained nearly always on the stage, and this mained nearly always on the stage, and this helped to preserve the unity of time, place

helped to preserve the unity of time, place and action.

These unities formed another peculiarity of ancient drama. There was no jumping from one epoch or place to another in the course of the representation, and the action itself was required to be one, important, and entire. There was, consequently, little or no change of scenery. Again, the number of actors was limited to three, called respectively. protagonistes, deuteragonistes spectively, protagonistes, deuteragonistes and tritagonistes. And while the number of personages represented might be numer-ous, the three actors divided all the parts between them, not including, of course, the

Tragic contests took place at the great
Dionysian festivals. A dramatist who
wished to enter the lists for the tragic prize
was required to submit to the first archon a

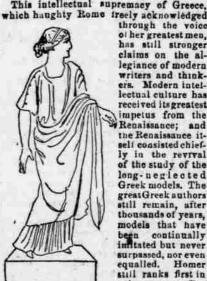


THE GREEK STAGE, FROM THE BURG THEATER, VIENNA.

very originality, to those who are nourished in the literatures that spring from it, may appear as commonplace, vet, in the long run, it keeps its place. Greece remains, in some sense, the model for those who know not her tongue or her history, and the means whereby her spell is brought home to these latter, as their number increase, is a new

evidence of her power." Commanding Influence of Greek Literature. Every student of literature knows that ancient Greece did more for the develop-ment of the human intellect and the spreading of liberal culture than any other nation She stands forth pre-eminent as the only nation whose influence over the human mind outlived the passing away of her material greatness. Alone among all the nations that were subjugated by Roman arms Greece enchained her brutal conqueror in the golden bands of intellectual supremacy as acknowledged by the Roman poet in the well-known lines:

Graecia capta ferum captorem cepit et artes. This intellectual supremacy of Greece, which haughty Rome freely acknowledged through the voice



surpassed, nor even epic - poetry, De-

continually

Female Costume. tory, Thucydides in history, Aristotle in philosophy, Æschylus in tragedy, Aristophanes in comeny, Euclid in pure, and Archimedes in applied mathematics. And, in the region of art and matics. And, in the region of art and extheticism, the superiority of ancient Greece is still more marked. Michael Angelo never gave greater proof of the good taste of true genius than when he declined to touch or restore the immitable fragments of Grecian sculpture. From across the broad expanse of over 2,000 years, Greece still illumines the intellectual world; and no one who has an intellect to cultivate can afford to neglect that light, or, at least, its

The Utility of a Greek Play. The representation of a Greek play offers the easiest and most interesting way of be-coming acquainted with Greek life and thought. The dramatic literature of every nation may be said to be the best exponent of its character. This is especially true of ancient Greece, for its drama was intended not so much to amuse, like modera drama, as to reflect the best traditions and the inas to reflect the best traditions and the inmost feelings of the race. Greek drama had
its origin in religious ceremonies, and Greek
plays were represented only at stated intervals,
with pomp and ceremony and deep religious
sense—somewhat in the same manner as the
miracles and mysteries of the middle ages,
or the passion play at Ober Ammergau.

There were three kinds of Greek plays—
tragedy, comedy and astyrical drams. This There were three kinds of Greek plays-tragedy, comedy and satyrical drama. This last was a kind of poem, in which the most serious subjects were treated in a manner at once affecting and comic. We have only one example of it extant—the "Cyclops" of Euripides. A satire was usually performed as the after-piece of a trilogy, or triple tragic representation. Comedy was of three kinds

was required to instruct both the actors and chorus. On the appointed day the several competing dramatists presented their compositions in the great theater before an audience which sometimes numbered as many as 30.000.

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day, traged y after tragedy was presented, for three days in succession efore the most cultured audience the world has ever seen. No wonder that victory in such a contest was highly prized. It meant the making of a great name. The semi-circular theater, rising tier above tier, converging from every part on the compara-ratively small stage, was well adapted to catching the words and thoughts of the author, as well as to witnessing the action; but there was little attempt at mere stage effect in the modern sense. The actors were masks, which were provided with an apparatus for carrying the voice far. They also used high-heeled buskins, whereby they appeared of proportionate size at a distance. certain amount of machinery was used for stage purposes, such as for producing thunder and lightning, for letting down or up a deus ex machina, and for showing an interior scene. Usually, the seene was the same, and represented the front of a palace. The actors always came on the stage by the doors in the back, not through side wings as now. They spoke from a platform which was somewhat elevated above the floor of the stage proper, where the chorus moved and sang. The accompanying illustration of the scenery and stage to be used in Holy

Ghost College for representing "Alcestia will give an idea of the Greek original. Something About Euripides' Alcestis. It now remains to say a few words about Euripides and his beautiful drams, "Al-cestis." Euripides was born in 480 B. C. He was thus the junior of Sophocles by only 455, a year after the death of the great Æschylus. He won the first tragic prize in 441 and again afterwards. He died in 406, one year before Sonhocles. Euripides was the most pathetic of the Greek tragedians. He had a deep, philosophic mind, which paid little respect to the gods and goddesse of mythology. His open infidelity made of mythology. All open influency made him very unpopular at Athens. Yet he speaks, in one of the fragments we possess of him, of "the One, Himself unseen, who seeth all;" and it is said that the word consects all;" science appears for the first time in his



are several very the play, such as the dialogue be-tween Apollo and Death in the beginning, the death of Alcestis sur-

Of

licksome action of Hercules who is at first in complete ignorance of the dread calamity which has befallen his host. A grand change comes over his manner when he learns the true state of things; and he makes

ample reparation for his levity by rescuing

Lesson the Drama Teache

The drama puts in strong contrast the in-nate nobleness of womanhood, and the cold-ness with which it was reciprocated by the men in pagan times. Our Christian sense of the fitness of things spuros the selfish cowardice of the husband who allows his wite, the mother of two young children, to sacrifice her life in order to let him live. But to the Greek mind the life of one man



A Greek Tragestian in Costume.

was better than that of 10,000 women. Here is a striking object lesson on the influ-ence of Christianity. The nobleness of woman has always existed, but Ceristianity alone has taught man to recognize woman as his equal in moral worth, and his superior in her claims to chivalrous protection.

This and many other instructive lessons can be gathered from witnessing the representation of such a play as the "Alcestis." The mise en scene of the play takes one back to the great theater overlocking the Discounter of the play takes one back to the great theater overof virtue and honesty, and it isn't my fault, looking the Pireus; the very costumes, in their strictly classical form, reflect the sim-ple, yet highly aesthetic taste of the ancients. JOHN T. MURPHY,

President Holy Ghost College. THE BYRON ALBUM.

Valuable Relic in the Possess Georgia Gentleman.

The album which was kept for many years at Byron's burial place is now the property of Mr. George A. Oates, of Augusta. There has been kept in the church, Lord Byron's burying place, since July 16, 1824, an album—the Hucknall Torkard album—a little half bound book, much thumbed, in which apostrophes to the dead poet were inscribed by visitors to his resting place, in instances only autographs being left, says the Atlanta Constitution. Many persons would give thousands of dollars for this

Mr. Oates says it was procured by his brother, Mr. Henry T. Oates, now deceased; he being during life, quite a collector of autographs, from the parish clerk at Huck-nall over 40 years ago. It is, all things con-sidered, in an excellent state of preservation. Names and lines from the pens of hundreds of visitors to the shrine from all parts of the world grace the pages of the album, the names of many noted Ameri-cans, as well as Europeans, appearing upon it. The last inscription in the album is that of J. J. Faulkner, of Oxford, and runs:

The Hucknall bells were just ringing a peal;
My friends were taking their grog;
I can hardly express how indignant I feel
That Lord Byron fares were than his dog.
Some day his remains will be honored I trast,
And a far nobler shrine be selected;
Time will soon render more precious his dust,
And be like our Shakespeare's—respected.

A PRETTY PLACE TO DREAM.

Flowery Amaifi and Its Fall From Greatness to Quiet Decay. Even in midwinter, one may sit beneath city. Once, in the long ago, she and her neighbor Atrani formed a republic of the stoutest independence. She elected her own Doge, boasted a university, an arsenal, and locks, and warred most vigorously, albeit with various fortunes, against the Norman kings of Sicily, and her two distant rivals, Genoa and Pisa. In the end Pisa over



A Fair Native scarcely in better case than her old victim. Amalo at least can urge that nature had the larger part in her catastrophe, for in the storms and carthqueke of 1343 her docks and arsensls, her prosperity and security, plunged down into the deep. Since then the statesmen and warriors, admirals and merchants, have deserted her. Her mighty fleets have dwindled to a few fishing vessels drawn up along the shore, her commerce with the rich seaports of the East is dead, and the scant survivors of those who thronged her markets inherit but a pitiful trade in macaroui, the golden tubes of which may be seen drying in every sunny space smong her narrow and precipitous

Alone of all the vanished glories, the Cathedral of St. Andrea remains, with its steep flight of steps leading up to the ample forecourt, its marble columns and its stately pulpit inlaid with all the noble intricacy of precious mosaic work. Her very tall, however, has made Amalfi a fascinating spot wherein to dream away the winte months; and few who have once sat brood months; and rew who have once sat brood-ing upon her past in the fair garden of the Cappucciui, high up above the colored tile-work of the Cathedral cupolas and the clus-tering, white-walled houses of the town, can look back to it without regret from among the luxuries of far richer and more prosperous cities.

In the Train.

"That fellow over there must feel uncom "Why?"

"He tried to shut the window for the girl in front of him, but couldn't do it. After he gave it up, the girl tried and succeeded." LICENSE COURT FUN.

Amusing Methods Which Originate in the Fertile Brains of

ATTORNEYS FOR THE APPLICANTS.

Diamonds Are Barred and Blooming Noses

Covered With Powder. THE COURTS IDEA OF HOSPITALITY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.] Many a successful applicant for liquor license this year got through not on his record, but because he had a cute attorney at his back. The majority of the Pittsburgh lawyers are good conchers and brought their men up to the scratch as well prepared as a prize fighter entering the ring. There are various ways of coaching a man into the right way of answering questions. For instance, one heavy-set limb of the law, who is credited with being one of the best coachers in the business, always tells his prospective client how his case must stand before he will accept it. He must have over twenty mealers daily, must never have sold to miners, on Sunday nor without a license, must not be an excessive drinker and must never keep beer in the house excent for his own use. Of course, as the man is anxious for this particular attorney because of his record in securing licenses, he proceeds to claim all these virtues, no matter how foreign they are to his somewhat spotted record. Thus he comes up before the

either." License Court develops more palatial hotels and restaurants at which scores of people struggle to get at the appetizing viands than any one ever supposed were in existence. According to the statements of the numerous saloonists no man ever got drunk in a saloon in Pittsburg. Too much fresh air seems to overcome them after they get out of the restaurants where the delicious flavor of the wiener wurst and sauer kraut mingle with fumes from the foaming beer and make the rounder dream of paradise.

Judge cocked and primed, ready to fire of

his answers in true style, and his conscien-

tions attorney stands beside him with a look

as much as to say, "There is a man symbolic

It Sounds Like a Millennium Tale. It is a pleasure to sit in Liceuse Court and hear all these virtuous places told of, and it makes one believe the millennium has come, when the Good Samaritan is "charge d'affaires," and any brother who falls by the wayside or burside is given a bed of downy feathers in the rear of the hostelry. Some magnificent specimens of mankind step up before the bar of justice to tell why

they are more competent than others to squeeze the last drop from a beer keg and get out a half dozen or so more glasses of the cooling beverage than anyone eise. One day during the recent session, a sleek-look-ing young fellow bobbed up serenely wear-ing a red necktie in which sparkled a dismond that would have dazzled the eye of one so common as to be only a Judge. His attorney caught sight of him just as he en-tered the courtroom and with a look of alarm rushed him out into the corridor. When they returned again the lawyer was smiling confidently and the would-be saloonist was somewhat changed. The red necktie and diamond had disappeared and n their stead was a plain black four-in-

"I just caught him in time," remarked Mr. Attorney. "Had he appeared in that layout he would never have secured a license in this court. He looked entirely too fly for the business."

Interested in a Man's Finances. That's the way the thing goes. If a man

the vin-clad pergola amid the scent of the idea that he is entirely too prosperous. To his clothing is shabby it is the quier warf wears diamonds the Judge immediately gets the little city of Amaili; for, fallen as she has from her high estate, she is an ancient man's savings and where it is located. The breath was almost knocked out of the Court recently by a shabbily-dressed man declaring that on short notice he could produce about \$40,000, but with ten days' he might get more. A man's capacity for beer also plays a

good part in the License Court. A red nose and bloated face cost many a man a retail license. One attorney was too slick to be caught with a red-faced dient. When his man appeared looking as though he had been painting the town red and got some of the paint on his face, the lawyer ordered him to go to the barber and be powdered. In 15 minutes he returned looking as though he had met the white-winged angel of peace and was ready to pass in his chips. It had been overdone, so the promising limb of the law took his client into the corridor and wiped a considerable portion of the white-ness from his face with a pocket handkerchief. After the case was over he wiped the sweat from his brow and declared: was a close shave, but if the Judge didn's catch a little of his breath I guess he'll go through all right."

A Joke on the Court Judge White and Attorney John Robb had a little pleasant conversation over the bar-in the courtroom-one day which, with an explanation, is quite interesting. At dinner that noon the two gentlemen sat torether, and in the course of the couversation fr. Robb mentic ne t a time when he visited the Judge at his home in Sewickley, and he was "awful thirsty." "Why didn't you say so!" exclaimed the

"I had a whole barrel of first-claale in the cellar and you might have had all you wanted." you wanted."
"I didn't think it was just the proper thing to ask a man for a drink," replied the bashful Mr. Robb.
The first case called after dinner was one

of Mr. Robb's clients who had a record for

having beer in the house. Of course, he

never sold any, because he told the Judge

so, and applicants always tell the truth. Don't you give any to your friends ?" "No, sir," unblushingly replied the ap-"On, it would be no harm if you did," persisted the Judge. "But don't you

"Your Honor," interrupted Attorney

Robb, "I set at dinner to-day with a gentle-man, and when I told him that upon a certain visit to his house I was awful dry, he told me that at the time he had a barrel of ale in his cellar and never offered me a "There are some very selfish people in this

world," mused Judge White as he looked down the record and said "Call the next," and a peculiar smile flitted across his c tenance as the victorious attorney and his FRANK A. PARKER.

STOPPED BY A SPIDER'S WER. Why an Electric Light Meter Falled to

Register the Current. On examining an electric meter in Chieago after a lapse of a mouth, in order to find out the quantity of current to be charged for, an official found that the con-sumer, in the pressure of business, had placed a number of small boxes, around the

meter, concealing it from view.

As it was desirable not to disturb them, it was suggested and agreed to that the meter be allowed to run another month. At the end of the second month, the coast being clear, the meter was examined, and it was found that it recorded only five hours since

iound that it recorded only five hours since
the time of last examination.

This looked suspicious, but there was no
ground to believe that the meter had been
tampered with. A very close inspection revealed the fact that a spider had spun its
web around the fams so that they could not
rotate under the action of the surrent. It
appears that the screws which held the
cover to the top of the instrument had not
been put in, and that the spider had taken
advantage of the opening and established
himself in the coay quarters.